

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

NAY, is it strange if the pestilent Cupid shoots fire-breathing arrows?
Or if he smites with a glance from mischievous eyes.
Did not his mother love Mars, and besides was married to Vulcan?
Thus, as a mistress and wife, partner with sword and with fire.
Was not his mother's own mother, the Sea, with her turbulent roaring
When she is lash'd by the winds?—had she a father at all.
Hence he carries the flames of old Vulcan, he joys in the humour
Shown by the waves, and he bears blood-spotted weapons of Mars.
J. O.

ALBONI.

THIS accomplished singer and actress is at present in Holland. She is engaged at Amsterdam and the Hague, to sing in Donizetti's *La Favorita* (in French), the part of Leonora, which numbers among her greatest and most legitimate successes. Since playing this and other parts, which, by some persons, were declared beyond her powers and out of her style, Alboni's voice has not only developed a more extended compass in the higher register, but the middle notes have vastly improved in strength and quality, while the lower ones retain all their unrivalled fulness, mellowness, and musical beauty. The great "contralto soprano," indeed, was never in such fine voice as at the present time.

FORMES.

THIS celebrated German bass has been engaged by Mr. Gye, to fill the place of Marini, as *primo basso*, at the Royal Italian Opera. We shall now have a chance of seeing, what we have long desired, Tamburini and Formes together, in *Don Giovanni*. Among the most famous parts of Formes are Bertram (in *Robert*), Marcel (in the *Huguenots*), and Pizarro (in *Fidelio*). So that he is just the person to suit the purposes of an establishment where grand opera is the essential feature.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREE'S MUSICALE.

THE second took place on Tuesday. The programme was as good as that of the first, perhaps better. The attendance was numerous and fashionable. The following was the order of the selection:—

PART I.

Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Herr Molique, and Herr Lidel	Mendelssohn.
Song—"By Celia's arbour," Mr. Benson	Mendelssohn.
Preghiera—"Sommo Dio" (<i>Zaira</i>), Miss Dolby	Winter.
Three Melodies—Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Molique and Mr. W. S. Bennett	Molique.
Aria—"Hai già vinto" (<i>Nozze di Figaro</i>), Mr. Bodda	Mozart.
Songs, MS.—"May," "The Honved's Bride," Miss Dolby	Molique.
Two Quartetts without Accompaniments—"The Vale of Rest," "A Hunting Song," Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Quartett—Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Rockstro, Molique, Dando, and Lidel	Beethoven.
Song—"Truth in absence," Miss Rainforth	E. Harper.

Three Musical Sketches—"The Lake," "The Millstream," "The Fountain"—Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett W. S. Bennett.
Duet—"The little watchful bird," Miss Rainforth and Miss Dolby Macfarren.
Song—"A Fire-side Song," Miss Dolby Wallace.
Glee—"Come o'er the brook, Bessie," Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda Sir H. Bishop.
The Vocal Music accompanied by Mr. Rockstro.

The performance was as satisfactory as the programme. Miss Dolby sang the *preghiera*, by Winter, to perfection, and was equally happy in the beautiful songs of Molique. Macfarren's duet, quite a gem in its way, was rendered with charming taste by both young ladies; and Miss Rainforth further won the favour of the audience by her effective reading of Mr. Harper's graceful ballad. Mr. Benson, in Mendelssohn's lovely song, and Mr. Bodda, in the air from *Figaro*, were both entitled to commendation. The vocal quartets of Mendelssohn did not go quite so well as the rest of the vocal music; besides, they are intended for choral part-songs, and depend for effect on many voices being assigned to each part.

Mr. Sterndale Bennett was in splendid play. His performance in the noble trio of Mendelssohn was quite masterly. His own *Sketches*, which rank among his happiest compositions for the piano, were given with that flow and ease of execution which distinguish his style. The finished and artistic playing of Molique was heard to admirable advantage, both in the trio and in his own melodies, which are among the most graceful and attractive emanations from his pen. He was lucky, also, in having such a powerful coadjutor as Mr. Bennett, in the piano-forte part. The quartet of Beethoven is an early work, and we like it much better as a quintet—its original form. It was, nevertheless, extremely well played. Herr Lidel, one of the best violoncellists in the country, was of eminent service in both trio and quartet. Mr. Rockstro proved himself a good accompanist, as well as a skilful pianist.

ERNST.

WE conclude our extracts with the following notices from two of the leading morning papers:—

(*Morning Post*.)

"Exeter Hall was last night* densely crowded in every part: the galleries, stalls, reserved seats, and the body of the building, were literally jammed with human beings. We need hardly say that the prime motive of the attraction of the vast assemblage was the second appearance of Ernst. The impression created by his wonderful performance on the previous occasion, and the unanimous laudations of the press, doubtless had their influence in producing so brilliant a result to the management. His welcome was enthusiastic, and his execution of "Hungarian Airs," composed and arranged by himself, which he introduced last season to the subscribers of the Philharmonic Concerts, was received with the irrepressible acclamations of the multitude. In this piece all the powers of the violin are elicited—brilliance of tone, grace of bowing, distinctness of arpeggi, delicacy and clearness of harmonies, and crispness of staccato.

* Wednesday, Nov. 21.

Nothing can be more fresh or fascinating than the themes, nothing more inventive or more fairy-like than the elaborations of the chief subject. The most astounding difficulties seemed to be conquered by the mere power of will, and the singing of the adagio had the voluptuousness of tone and the sympathetic pathos of Mario. The effect was positively electric; at its termination there was one loud and continuous call for the gifted artist. In the second act he repeated his famous "Carnival of Venice," which was received with even greater delight, and a more intense enthusiasm, than on its first performance. The engagement of Ernst will secure for these concerts a similar *furor* to that produced by Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre."

(From the Morning Herald.)

"THE fifth of the Wednesday concerts took place last night, the attendance exhibiting the same crowded and profitable aspect as upon the former occasions. The engagement of Ernst has been of moment to the entrepreneurs; and his playing last night, when he made his second appearance, was received, if possible, with greater enthusiasm than before. He regaled the audience with his Hungarian airs, and in the second act with a repetition of his fantastic variations on the *Carnival of Venice*. The former is one of the most remarkable in his repertoire of solos, and is as well adapted to amuse and gratify the popular assemblages of Exeter Hall as the *Carnival*. It is unnecessary to dilate upon a pot-pourri so well known as this: it is sufficient to say that Ernst never executed the melodies which it contains with more graceful dexterity. Such perfect violin-playing having been heard but seldom in the listener's lifetime, the delight was strong in proportion. The quaint and whimsical commentaries on the celebrated Venetian air were rendered by him with unexhausted address. The facility with which he overcomes the practical difficulties which are here grouped together, is no less significant, than the humour with which he colours them. Every time that it is heard, it seems imbued with new odours of comicality. Now, the instrument prays, now it mocks, now it laughs, now it groans, and now it weeps at the extempore will of the player, whose vicissitudes of merry and sarcastic fancy betray the fecund originality of his invention. Few performers upon the violin have ingratiated themselves so intimately with the public as Ernst; and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for this great artist possesses a combination of rare and peculiar accomplishments, which are as welcome to persons of taste and cultivation as they are to those who refer their impressions of pleasure to no specific standard. His delivery of the higher branches of violin music has probably never been equalled in the qualities of passion and intellectuality; while in that of a more popular character it is now periodically demonstrated that neither by Paganini, the founder of the school, nor by any of the numerous imitators of the arch-violinist, has he ever been surpassed, and we may add, rarely has he been approached. But none of these appeals to the mere wonder-loving populace have ever sought for any of the loftier honours of the art. In this respect Ernst stands alone. He shines with equal brilliancy when interpreting the inspired chamber works of Beethoven or Mozart to the chosen few, as when challenging the lower sympathies of the legions at Exeter Hall. The directors of the Wednesday Concerts were therefore wise in their generation when they engaged him, and this fact was a second time incontestably evident last night."

The intellectual and mechanical accomplishments of the great violinist could scarcely have been summed up in a more complete and eloquent manner.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 739.)

XCIX. So far I have spoken from what I myself have seen, thought, and investigated. I shall now give what the Egyptians themselves record, and I have heard, adding something from my own observations. The priests told me that Menes, the first King of Egypt, made the dykes for Memphis, for that the river had previously flowed all along the sandy mountain towards Libya; but that Menes dammed up the southern branch of the river, a hundred stadia above Memphis, dried up the ancient bed, and, by means of a canal, made the waters flow at an equal distance from the mountains, on each side. Even at the present time, under the Persian dominion, this angle of the Nile, when the water is forced into another direction, is

closely watched, the dam being repaired every year; for if the river were to break out and overflow in this part, all Memphis would run the risk of being swamped. When (they said) the tract of earth thus secured from the water had become hard, Menes, the first king, built the city, which is now called Memphis, and which is situated in the narrow part of Egypt. Beyond this he dug a lake from the river towards the north and the west, being prevented by the Nile on the east. He also built in the same place the temple of Hephæstus (Vulcan), which is large and very worthy of notice.

C. After this king, the priests read to me, from the papyrus, the names of 330 kings. During all these generations there were thirteen Ethiopians and one native woman. All the rest were Egyptian men. The woman had the same name with her who reigned at Babylon—Nitocris. She, they said, avenged her brother, whom the Egyptians killed when he reigned over them. After they had killed him, they gave her the kingdom. To revenge him she destroyed many of the Egyptians by stratagem. Making a large subterranean apartment, and pretending to consecrate it, she devised further plans. Having invited those of the Egyptians whom she knew to be chief participators in the murder, she feasted many of them; and whilst they were engaged in the repast, she let in the waters of the river by a secret canal. No more is said of her, excepting that when she had done this, she threw herself into a room full of ashes, that she might escape unpunished.

CI. Of the other kings they did not narrate anything remarkable, except of Mœris, the last of them all (a). He they said, produced as monuments the vestibules of Vulcan facing the north; dug the lake, the circumference of which I shall afterwards set forth; and built then the pyramids, the size of which I shall mention together with that of the lake itself. These were the things done by Mœris, but the others did nothing.

NOTE.

(a) That is to say, the last of the 330.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CLXI.

THE light must be within us; else in vain
Passes before our sight the motley throng
Of apparitions; we but stalk among
Symbols obscure, which we may not explain.
Vainly the universe lifts high its strain
Of harmony; 'tis but a Sphinx's song
To our dull ears. Our efforts may be strong,
But from without no wisdom can we gain.
If the internal light be clear, but small
Need be the outward sphere; we can behold
Within us the great chain of work and cause.
Thus, by anticipation, we grasp all,
Knowing the universe can but unfold
Repeated instances of simple laws.

N. D.

CATHERINE HAYES.

THE immense success achieved by this talented vocalist, at Dublin, Limerick, and Cork, seems scarcely to have surpassed that which crowned her efforts at Manchester. The local press is in raptures with her, and, we believe, it represents, with perfect truth, the impression produced upon the public. Jenny Lind herself—the arch-furore-exciter—has rarely excited a more absolute furor than Catherine Hayes in her recent provincial tour. We give abridged extracts from the

two principal Manchester papers, as a verification of what we have premised :—

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

Handel's *Messiah* was produced at the Concert Hall with a degree of completeness in all respects worthy of this stupendous work. The band and chorus numbered some two hundred—all efficient, and manifesting ample evidence of careful rehearsal.

Of the principals, Catherine Hayes more than realised the expectations we had formed of her from the encomiums of the London press. In what we would call dramatic expression—a merging of the mere artist in the appropriate embodiment of the sacred sentiment of oratorio,—we have no hesitation in saying that no English female singer of the present day can excel her. We shall not do her the injustice of comparing her with Jenny Lind; but Catherine Hayes possesses that power of giving fervid utterance to particular words or phrases in oratorio, and generally of imparting to it a peculiar religious character, which so pre-eminently distinguished Lind. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," exhibited these characteristics in an exalted degree. The second part of the air, "He shall feed his flock," though not so elevated in character, was equally well given, and in this Miss Hayes was encored. She made a decided impression last night; and if with her the ardent spirit be not found to have been lodged in a too fragile form, we may expect her to take the first position as an intellectual sacred vocalist.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

Miss Catherine Hayes was new to a Manchester public, having only sung in the Concert Hall on a recent occasion. We look upon her as the first of English sopranos; she possesses a fine, pure, round voice, clear in its utterance, correct in intonation, with a charming style that may be considered as approaching the classical, from its truth and simplicity. Her execution shown in 'Rejoice greatly' was very brilliant, whilst her pathos and feeling are full of poetic beauty. She sings as though her soul were in the work she had to do,—one of the great charms of art. Nothing could surpass her lovely manner of rendering "Come unto him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." On being encored in the former, a misunderstanding between the band and herself as to the point at which to resume (not desiring to repeat the whole of the air), threw her out, and she gave it up. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was given with a full burst of feeling, trust, and hope. Miss Hayes at once established her reputation and position in Manchester, not only among the learned in these matters, but equally so with all; for the truthful art goes to the hearts of even the least cultivated. We are not surprised, after the performance of last night, at the immense reception she has met with in Ireland. For five successive nights she played in the opera of *Norma*, the houses literally crammed to the roof, and many hundreds turned away nightly. At Limerick and at Cork her welcome was as enthusiastic. The personal appearance of Miss Hayes is very prepossessing—a tall, fine figure, with delicately marked features, and a manner graceful and lady-like.

At the second performance, Miss Hayes appears to have excited a still greater enthusiasm than at the first, if we may judge by the unbounded eulogies of the local press.

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The "Mendelssohn Night," on Tuesday, was the most brilliant of the whole season. According to promise, M. Jullien devoted the first part of the programme to a selection from the works of Mendelssohn. The step was a bold one, but was crowned with entire success. The house was filled to overflow. In the promenade, so dense was the mass, that to go to and fro was impossible; "and yet this immense crowd," says a great morning journal, "listened, with undeviating attention, to a performance of not less than two hours' duration, consisting wholly of that kind of music, which is ordinarily addressed to 'select' audiences, and has been pronounced above the comprehension of the multitude. From first to last, there was not a sign of impatience; on the contrary, the appetite seemed to grow with what it fed on, and each successive piece was more loudly applauded than its

predecessor. If M. Jullien persevere in this new line of policy, the *soi-disant* classical societies may lose their prerogative, and fine music be no longer regarded as the exclusive property of a few." With which we entirely concur.

The selection began with the third symphony in A minor, given without other curtailment than the omission of the *reprise* of the first part of the *allegro agitato*, which in so long a programme was excusable. The execution of this great and elaborate work was, in the highest degree, satisfactory. M. Jullien's indications of the *tempi* were correct in every instance, and the gradations of colouring were skilfully managed throughout. The wind instruments were deliciously in tune, and this was of essential importance in the *scherzo*, where the flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon (principals, Messrs. Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, and Baumann), have so many delicate points allotted to them. In the last movement (the *allegro guerriero*), the difficult passage, for oboe and flute, that leads to the fugue, was admirably played, and the *crescendo* from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, in the fugue itself, one of the most striking points of the symphony, capitally effected. The symphony was followed by one of the author's most beautiful chamber songs, "The first violet," sung by Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz in her usual chaste and unaffected manner. We should, nevertheless, have preferred the pianoforte accompaniment; the instrumentation, by M. Nadaud, we believe, is well done, but is wanting in that simplicity which Mendelssohn, who never intended this song to be accompanied by the orchestra, has imparted to the original. Two of the universally popular *Lieder ohne Worte* ("Songs without words")—that in E, from Book I., and that in C, from Book 6—were performed by Miss Ellen Day. "This clever pianist," says the same authority, "is especially adapted to shine in music of a brilliant and energetic character, and has yet to acquire the art of singing on the piano-forte; she, consequently, produced more effect in the last of the *lieder*, a *prestissimo*, than in the first, a *cantabile* movement. Miss Day might have chosen the *rondo finale* from one of the concertos, either of which would have suited her dashing style of playing much better than these simple melodies." M. Sainton's execution of the slow movement and *rondo* of the violin concerto was one of the greatest treats of the evening; his expression and mechanism were equally good; the full meaning of the composition was conveyed, without the slightest exaggeration of tone or accent. In the elaborate accompaniments to the *rondo*, which demand such nice delicacy and precision, we had again occasion to remark the perfect intonation of the wind instruments. The war-march of the priests, from *Athalie*, was played with pompous and imposing effect, but three or four of the extra-ophicleides might have been dispensed with, as obstreperous superfluities; they rather deteriorated than augmented the grandeur and fulness of the score. The second song accorded to Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, "Of all the pretty darlings in the world," is another chamber air (from the six songs, Op. 57, dedicated to Miss Dolby). Nothing can be more simple than the melody, which, in the original, Mendelssohn has wedded to a piano-forte accompaniment, equally unpretending. The orchestra is altogether out of character with such a composition, and in his adaptation the arranger has overlooked the variations of accompaniment in the different couplets, which are by no means inessential. There are three verses in the original, of which Madlle. Treffz sang the two first only—precisely as the author intended them to be sung, without effort or ornament. We should, nevertheless, have liked the third verse, from the lips of the "pretty German," as the *Morning Post* gallantly styles her.

The selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with which the Mendelssohn part of the programme finished, included the overture, *scherzo*, *notturno*, and Wedding March, besides two other pieces that have never previously been executed in England, even at the Philharmonic Concerts, where this music was first produced. These pieces are, nevertheless, in their way, as remarkable as any thing in the score; one of them—an interlude in A minor, descriptive of "Hermione seeking Lysander in the wood"—is peculiarly romantic and beautiful; the other—a bombastic march, supposed to be a prelude to the drama of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, in which the redoubtable Bottom, with Quince, Snug, and the rest of his associates, sustain the principal characters—is equally humorous and characteristic. It is to be hoped, now that M. Jullien has successfully tested their effect, they will be included in all future selections from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The other pieces were admirably executed, especially the *scherzo* and *notturno*; in the first, Mr. Pratten mastered the trying *obligato* for the flute, with great ease and precision; in the last, the theme for horn solo was played by Mr. Jarrett, with a beauty of tone, and justness of intonation, that we have never heard surpassed. The Wedding March, rendered with immense spirit, made a brilliant termination to the performance.

The second part of the concert was composed of the usual materials. There were the selection from the *Prophète*, the *Olga Valse*, and the new *Cossack Polka* of M. Jullien, the latter of which is among his most sparkling contributions to Terpsichore. There was a brilliant solo for the violin, on *La Figlia*, well composed and superbly played by M. Sainton. There was also Jetty Treffz, with her humorous and captivating "Trab, trab, trab," which met with the usual enthusiastic reception. Besides these, there was a novelty, in the shape of a new song, by the young lady who has written so many agreeable songs under the *nom de guerre* of "Angelina." The words of "My bright Savoy," by Shirley Brooks, a gentleman of taste, wit, and versatility, are so much better than those of ballads in ordinary, that we are incited irresistibly to quote them, for which our readers will not chide us, we are sure. On second thoughts, however, we cannot do as we should wish, since they are not printed in the programme, and our memory is not sufficiently retentive to be trusted. We are sorry for this, but we cannot help it. Perhaps Mr. Brooks will favour us with a copy.

The music of Madlle. "Angelina" is in E minor. The style is plaintive and suited to the character of the words. There are many pleasing ideas in the accompaniment, and the melody is natural and flowing. It is true that the composer has not listened in vain to the Coronation scene in the *Prophète*, nor has she studied without advantage Schubert's romantic *lied* of "Margaret at the spinning wheel." But we like to see these signs of appreciating good models in young musicians, more especially when it is only the feeling, and not the notes, that suggests the idea of resemblance. Madlle. Jetty Treffz was just the singer to give due expression to this pretty song, which she gave with true sentiment and delicious quietude. Her voice was the very essence of sorrow as she uttered the complaint of the poor Savoyard. The song was well received and will be liked better every time it is heard.

During the week, M. Ilkheimer, a violinist, and M. Drayton, a bass-singer, have appeared at the concerts, but neither of them produced any very remarkable sensation. Mr. Viotti Collins has also played a solo on the violin, and Prosperé's magnificent talent has been exemplified in a fantasia for the ophicleide.

Besides another "Mendelssohn Night," M. Jullien, we hear, has determined upon giving a "Mozart Night." This will be a further step in the right direction.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S IAGO.

THE stage representation of *Othello* is but an abstract of Shakspeare's tragedy. There is no other play of the author, which, in the performance, has suffered so much curtailment and excision. Other plays have undergone more material alteration for the stage, as the *Tempest*, *Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c., until modern taste reclaimed them, but no one has been so lopped and maimed. It is a matter of the greatest surprise to us, that Mr. Macready, in his efforts to restore Shakspeare in his integrity to the stage, during his managements of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, never took into consideration the manifest injury which was inflicted on Shakspeare's sublime tragedy, by the omission of scenes, speeches, and portions of the dialogue. That the entire play could not be given, we are willing to allow, but we contend that much is left out which might be retained, among which are some of the finest and most affecting passages of the tragedy. In the very first scene, the following characteristic speech of Iago to Roderigo is omitted:—

You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd:—
Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.

In the second colloquy, between Iago and Roderigo, the very pith of Iago's reasoning and world-minded philosophy is thrown aside as rubbish. Here is one passage:—"Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have Reason to cool our raging motions," &c.

The scene between the musicians and clown, commencing the third act, is too brief, else it would be well worth the restoration. The clown is a very amusing personage, and his directions to the musicians, "The general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it,"—and, "If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again," are in Shakspeare's best comic style.

The greater portion of the first scene of the fourth act is omitted from the representation. The whole of this scene is exceedingly powerful, and contains several of the most pathetic passages of the play. It would, however, be impossible to restore the opening portion of the scene without certain curtailments; and a question would here arise, whether it were better omit the scene altogether, than not give it in its entirety. Let us, setting aside the reprehensible lines and

words, fancy some such arrangement of the scene as the following; the reader will, at all events, see how much that is powerfully dramatic and highly poetical is left out in the representation.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Oth. It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being her's,
She may I think, bestow it on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not;
But, for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced, or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.)—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did!

Oth. That's fulsome! Handkerchief—confession—handkerchief.—
To confess and be hanged for his labour. First, to be hanged, and then
to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such
shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words that shake
me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips! Is't possible? Confess!—
handkerchief!—O, devil! (*falls in a trance*).

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach. What, ho, my lord!

Oth. How is it, General? Have you not hurt your head?

Iago. Did he confess it?

Oth. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those improper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To kiss a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know:
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be!

Oth. O, thou art wise, 'tis certain!

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned to-night, for she
shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it and it hurts
my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by
an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle!
An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!
Of so high and plenteous wit and invention.

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a
condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago,
the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend! for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

At this point the acting edition takes up the thread of the dialogue, and the scene commences with Othello's directions to his Ancient:—

"Get me some poison, Iago;" &c., &c.

Now, are we hypercritical in asserting that there is much wrong done to Shakspeare's *Othello* in omitting this tremendous scene in the performance? We know not who trimmed the tragedy for the stage, but the principal aim seems to have been, to cut it short with a vengeance. This is said to be the age in which Shakspeare, for the first time, is truly honoured and revered, and his works permitted to shine in their native lustre; but as long as we have *Othello* dished up on the stage, clipped, mangled, and emasculated, as we witness but too often, we can subscribe neither to the honour nor the reverence.

The performance of *Othello* on Monday night at the Haymarket suggested the above remarks; and we could not but feel how much was lost to Macready's Iago by the several omissions. If these lines should meet the great actor's eye, we trust and hope they may turn his attention to what we cannot help proclaiming a crying Shaksperian sin. With the restoration of the passages we have quoted the performance would be all the better, and Shakspeare no worse.

To him who had seen Macready perform Iago on Monday night, the first thought which occurred at the end of the performance was probably, "why the actor preferred testing his powers in *Othello*?" This is a question which has been asked on more than one occasion, and one which it is not easy to resolve. From the first night of Macready's appearing in Iago at Drury Lane—some twenty years ago—he has been celebrated for his performance and identified himself with the character more forcibly, perhaps, than with any other Shaksperian part, if we except King Lear. Kean and Macready performed *Othello* and Iago at that time eighteen nights successively, and Macready achieved his first Shaksperian fame in Iago. In his subsequent tour in the provinces, and, we believe, for some years after, Macready invariably played Iago, preferring it to *Othello*. Of late years he, as invariably, has assumed the personation of the Noble Moor. The general opinion seems to be that his Iago is a more powerful and complete performance, more vividly conceived, more dramatically coloured, and more instinct with genius. The readers of the *Musical World*, who have followed us in our notices of the great actor, will perceive that this is our own impression, an impression confirmed beyond a doubt by the performance of Monday.

Iago is a character that requires the greatest versatility of powers in the performer. He is, in truth, a double-Janus'd knave, whose four aspects are as dissimilar as the four elements. We first behold him with Roderigo, the cunning man of the world, the hypocrite, the casuist, the wheedler, the impostor, yet manifesting sufficient interest and humanity to interpose a shade between his true soul and his victim's scrutiny—enough to cajole and lure so poor a dolt as Roderigo. *Othello* he looks upon as credulous in the extreme, as too noble to entertain a suspicion, as one who "will be as tenderly led by the nose as asses are," and deports himself in consequence with an overweening love and anxiety, and withal a blunt-

ness and a seeming of rough honesty most attractive in a soldier. With Cassio he is somewhat more reserved in his hypocrisy—he does not afford the good-natured lieutenant a chance of prying into his true nature. Beyond a slight display of a laxity of morals, Iago would appear in the eyes of Cassio a fellow of infinite worth, as one who carries his heart upon his tongue, a gallant, boisterous *bon-vivant*. Iago is only his real self when, in his soliloquies, he bares his soul before the spectators. Here the malignity of the fiend is superinduced upon the motives and actions of the worldly man. He stands before us naked in his deformity, and every purpose of his dark soul is unfolded to the view. In personifying each and all of these aspects, Macready is eminently—super-eminently happy. The cajoling tone of flattery and self-evident dissimulation practised towards Roderigo, proves how little assumption is necessary to deceive and delude so feeble and silly a gentleman. Iago feels the might of his own intellect, and appears almost ashamed to “expend his well-gained knowledge upon such a snipe.” With Othello much greater caution is requisite; but still, to one above all suspicion, the greatest reservation is not demanded. It is plain throughout the play, that had not Othello been driven blind by jealousy and rage, he must have seen through Iago’s artifices; but Iago knows exactly how far to go, and when to stop. Nothing could be finer than the judgment displayed by Macready in the scenes with Othello. It was art carried to its highest point. On the other hand, in dealing with Cassio, Iago has to treat with no fool. Cassio is a shrewd, sensible man, and, excepting when his drink is not “craftily qualified,” he displays a clear and acute intellect. With such a character, therefore, Iago dared not, even by hints, expose himself as he did to Roderigo; nor, as he did with the Moor, venture upon the extravagant surmises, which he knew the plain man of the world would reject. It demonstrates most powerfully Shakspeare’s astonishing acquaintance with human nature, that he never makes Iago endeavour to inveigle Cassio into his snares by lies, as he does with Othello, Roderigo, and indeed almost every other person with whom he comes in contact. Iago makes Cassio his tool certainly, but by different means from those with which he “enmeshes” his other victims.

Macready’s Iago is more varied than that of any actor we have seen in the part; it is also more intense and real, and appears to us more thoroughly imbued with the intention of the author. In the malignity of the character Kean certainly equalled him, as did Young, perhaps, in the blunt bearing and rough soldierly deportment; but, we think he has far surpassed both in the scenes with Roderigo and all the lighter portions of the play. It was when witnessing Macready in the drinking scene with Cassio and the “lads of the Cyprus,” when he first performed Iago at Drury Lane, that the celebrated Mrs. Gibbs said, “That gentleman has mistaken his line—his forte is comedy.” The words of the celebrated actress were not prophetic; but it proved how highly Macready’s talent for comedy was estimated; and, in truth, no acting could be more instinct with spirit and hilariousness than that of the actor in this scene. It was throughout inimitable for its ease and heartiness.

It was our intention to have closely analysed Macready’s Iago in this notice; but the length to which our preliminary remarks have extended has left us room but to point out a few of its numerous excellences. In the first place, we would direct attention to the scenes with Roderigo, which were remarkable for the display of mingled levity and cunning, and the intellect that shone through all. From these scenes

we would single out the colloquy in the fourth act, where Iago induces Roderigo to knock out Cassio’s brains. This was splendid in the extreme, and produced an immense effect. A roar of applause followed Iago’s answer to Roderigo’s protestation of his being unjustly dealt with:—

“I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared.”

All the soliloquies were finely delivered, and finer than all the one commencing:—

“And what’s he then that says I play the villain?”

The intensity and deep malignity infused into the passage,

“Divinity of hell!

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now,” &c., &c.

was exceedingly powerful and striking. There was something so terrible in the delivery of these lines as to make the listener recoil from the speaker, as from a hissing serpent.

Several points were made with great effect, which we cannot pause to enumerate. Enough to say, no performance could be realized with more admirable judgment, or more indomitable vigour, and that a treat of the highest order was afforded to the lover of Shakspeare and of art.

Mr. Wallack played Othello with more than his usual carefulness, and the poetry, from his lips, lost nothing of its force, or its beauty.

Mr. Stuart was the best Brabantio we have seen for a long time.

Mr. Howe made a tolerable Cassio. His drunken scene was something overdone. Mrs. Warner’s Emilia is one of her best parts; and Miss Reynolds’ Desdemona is too new an assumption to bear close inspection.

We have so often pronounced Mr. Selby entirely out of his element in Shakspeare, that the iteration becomes positively painful. We shall not waste criticism upon this gentleman’s Roderigo; but we would simply remind him that the character he endeavours to personate is neither a fool nor a mountebank. Why does not Mr. Webster play Roderigo?

The theatre is crowded to excess every night of Macready’s performance, and on the off nights, the *Serious Family* loses none of its attractions.

We shall notice at length in our next number Macready’s Othello.

ADELPHI.

ONE of those large melodramas, which are intended to combine great variety of situation and a considerable number of actors, was produced on Monday night, under the title of the *Willow Copse*. The authorship is attributed to Messrs. Bourcicault and Charles Kenney.

The plot consists of a somewhat complicated story of crime and retribution. Sir Richard Vaughan has been disinherited by his father, and the broad acres have been bequeathed to Luke Fielding, a neighbouring farmer. The will, however, has not been produced, Sir Richard has lived quietly, though with mental uneasiness, on the family estate, and has moreover seduced Rose, the farmer’s daughter. Some rigid maxims uttered by Luke on the subject of female virtue have such an effect on Rose, that she resolves to drown herself in a certain “Willow Copse,” and betakes herself to the spot, having written a letter to her father. The old gentleman, more profound in ethics than in literature, cannot read the epistle, but begs the assistance of Lucy Vanguard, a young lady, who, with her father, and her intended, is stopping at Sir Richard’s manor-house. She misleads Luke as to the sense of the letter, and going to the Willow Copse, prevents the perpetration of

suicide by Rose. She is escorted back to the manor-house by Sir Richard, who has likewise been to the copse to have an interview with Hulks, a mysterious villain, who knows the existence of the will, and they find the mansion broken into by the same villain, and two accomplices. Sir Richard hides Lucy in a pavilion, but dares not detain Hulks, whom he recognizes, and who therefore escapes with the will in his possession. The discovery of Lucy in the pavilion, coupled with the fact that she has taken the midnight walk with Sir Richard, compromises her reputation. An explanation, which takes place at a harvest-home festival, soon sets her right with her friends and her father, but Farmer Luke, who perceives that Rose's letter is used as the chief explanatory means, grows very uneasy. As no one will give a satisfactory account of its contents, he makes his daughter read it herself, and the *tableau* in which she, on her knees, reads the confession of her guilt, while Luke stands listening with suppressed agony, and the rest of the characters watch them with horror is exceedingly effective.

The disgrace of Rose being made known and revealed to Luke, he resigns to her his farm, intending to settle elsewhere, but insists on knowing the name of her seducer, the only fact which yet remains untold. She resists his demands and menaces, but the sound of a man's voice outside the door seems to promise that the secret must now be revealed. Luke snatches up a bill-hook, Rose falls senseless, and so also does Luke himself when he perceives that the intruder is Sir Richard Vaughan, whose father was his friend. Sir Richard, to shelter Rose from the paternal wrath, takes her in his arms, while yet senseless, and conveys her in his carriage to London. The old man when he rises has lost his intellect, and a powerful scene is produced, in which Meg, the rustic servant of the farm, who has innocently caused much of the mischief by her babbling, is almost distracted at perceiving such fatal results.

Before the *dénouement* takes place four years are supposed to elapse. Sir Richard has married Rose, and has been vainly endeavouring to find her father, who has strayed from his home, and is supported by Meg, now a London milkmaid. At last accident brings him to his daughter's door, a recognition takes place, and Sir Richard, while obtaining his forgiveness, has the satisfaction of placing in his hands the will, which has been recovered with much difficulty from Hulks, who is exhibited as a frequenter of the vilest dens in the metropolis.

In the construction of this piece great ingenuity is shown. The incidents are far from hackneyed, and there are several situations of great power. Moreover, the language rises above that of most pieces of the sort, and it may altogether be characterized as one of the very best specimens of the Adelphi school. Compression will, however, be advantageous in some places, especially in the first three acts (there are five!), as there is too much matter before the interest actually begins.

Madame Celeste, as the erring but affectionate daughter, Mr. Hughes, as the stern father, Mr. Boyce, as the amatory hero, Mr. O. Smith, as the decided villain, and Messrs. Wright and Bedford, sustained their parts with great effect. The histrionic feature of the piece is the rustic maid-servant of Miss Woolgar. The awkward deportment, the clumsy gait, the vacant manner of answering, are perfect in their way, and show a decided talent in apprehending character, and carrying out a true conception.

The piece was loudly and repeatedly applauded at the fall of the curtain, and, after the whole of the company had been called, separate calls were raised for Madame Celeste, Messrs. Wright and Bedford, and Miss Woolgar.

NEW STRAND.

If we have forbore to notice the accession of Mrs. Glover to the company of this favourite little theatre, our readers will readily believe that it has arisen from any other cause than forgetfulness of, or disrespect to our greatest living actress. Mrs. Glover joined the New Strand corps about three weeks since, and made her first appearance as Mrs. Heildeberg, in the *Clandestine Marriage*. This was received with immense fervour, and, it is needless to say, created an unusual sensation by her personation of the part. The great actress has since appeared in a few other of her celebrated characters, of which we may specially allude to Mrs. Malaprop, in the *Rivals*—a part in which she will leave no successor—and Mrs. Candor, in the *School for Scandal*. The annexation of Mrs. Glover to the company has proved a Californian mine discovery to the treasury. Such sterling gold is tragedy. After Christmas Mrs. Glover joins Mr. Anderson's new dramatic battalion at Drury Lane.

A pleasant trifle, called the *Man-trap*, has been brought out during the week. Alfred, (Mr. W. Farren, jun.) the son of Colonel Beaumont (Mr. Farren), is about to be married to the Countess de Rosseille (Mrs. Sterling), a widow many years his senior. The father arrives in a rage, but is met by the widow disguised as an antiquated coquette, who confirms his opinion that she is a "Man-trap." She then appears in her usual attire, and, pretending to be her own daughter, captivates him to such an extent, that he resolves to marry her himself, while a wife is found for Alfred in the person of her actual daughter, Florence (Miss R. Isaacs). This piece, which we are assured is original, is well acted, and is enlivened by some music sung by Miss Isaacs and Mr. W. Farren, junr.

LYCEUM.

An elegant adaptation from the French, by Mr. Charles Dance, has been produced here, under the title of *Delicate Ground*. It is of the lighter French drama of the present day.

A republican legislator of France, in 1793, Citizen Sang-froid (Mr. Charles Matthews), wishes to cure his wife (Madame Vestris) of a romantic passion for an empty-headed aristocrat (Mr. Roxby). He admits the fact of the lady's predilection for another with the most provoking indifference, and consents to make the lovers happy by availing himself of the facile law of divorce prevalent at the time. His coolness has the desired effect. The lady and her lover, now they have full liberty to throw themselves into each other's arms, discover that they are in a state of mutual indifference, and the capricious fair one is but too glad to remain with her husband. Trifling as this plot may seem, it is the vehicle for introducing some excellent scenes, in which the three personages, who have the stage to themselves, are played off against each other with much force, while the dialogue does the greatest credit to the English adapter. Almost every line is a point, so that the whole sparkles with wit and worldly shrewdness, the grand purpose of the piece being to exalt common sense at the expense of sentimentality. Still, with all its merits, the piece would have fallen comparatively flat had it been less perfectly played. The imperturbable coolness of Mr. Charles Matthews, and the neatness and grace of Madame Vestris, as each, in hope of victory, darted a polished repartee at the other, had all the charm of the best French acting. Mr. Roxby, as the "spoony" lover, presented an apt surface of vacuity for the thrusts of his more astute opponent. The costumes, correct to a shirt collar, and redolent with the extravagance of republican France, contributed much to the

general effect. Loud and repeated applause from an audience who had been kept on the *qui vive* during the whole progress of the piece, followed its conclusion. The title of the French original, *Brutus, lache César*, is almost without meaning as applied to the English version, in which the incident to which it refers is kept in the background.

Another novelty of a less elevated kind is an adaptation of *L'Homme qu'on jette par la Fenêtre*, a piece written as a sort of counterpart to *La Femme que se jette par la Fenêtre*, played at the St. James's Theatre. It turns on the distress of a damsel (Mrs. Humby) in Barbadoes, into whose apartment a drunken soldier (Mr. Oxberry) has strayed, and who, though with her strong arms she has flung the intruder out of window, has lost her reputation from the fact that half her curtain has followed him to the ground. The most amusing feature in the acting is, however, the assumption of drunkenness by another soldier (Mr. C. Mathews), who, being enamoured with a young lady, whose father guards the military prison, feigns to be the culprit, in order to be a captive near his beloved. There is a traditional stage-intoxication which is anything but like the real article, but Mr. Mathews's maudlin inebriety, with his anxiety to hug everybody he meets, is truthfulness itself. This piece, which goes pleasantly, but not brilliantly, is called *Drop the Curtain*.

MARYLEBONE.

The *Love Chase* has been produced at this theatre, and played with a great deal of spirit. In sustaining the character of "Neighbour Constance," Mrs. Mowatt has wisely abstained from trenching on the ground of Mrs. Nisbett, who, in the hearty uncontrolled flood of native spirit with which she illustrates this part, could not be approached by any actress of the day. Mrs. Mowatt, while she throws less palpable force into the character, preserves its piquancy, and her merriment, while truly lady-like, is genial and pointed in its expression. The dresses are studiously rich and elegant. The butt of this joyous lady, the honest but unlucky "Neighbour Wildrake," is well represented, with all his amusing embarrassment, by Mr. Davenport. The serious scenes produce their due effect through the intensity of feeling and truly feminine delicacy displayed by Miss Fanny Vining, who acts Lydia, and the gallant deportment of Mr. Belton, the representative of Master Walter.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We very soon realized the good opinion we had formed of Miss Catherine Hayes. On the second evening of Mr. Peacock's concerts she created a sensation, if not quite an Italian *furor*. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Romberg's Cantata "The Song of the Bell."

PART II.—Selections from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Notturmo, Instrumental.—Song, with Chorus, "Ye spotted snakes."—Solos, by Miss C. Hayes and Miss Poole.—Wedding March, Instrumental.—Final Chorus, "Through this house."—Selections from Mendelssohn's *Athalie* (first time of performance in Manchester).—War March of the Priests, Instrumental.—Chorus, "Depart ye sons of Aaron."—Chorus, "Heaven and the earth display."—Chorus and Trio, "Promised joys."—Solos, by Miss C. Hayes, Miss Poole, and Mr. Benson.

PART III.—Miscellaneous Selection.—Aria, "Durch die Walder, durch die Auen," Herr Damcke, (Freischütz), Weber.—Ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Miss C. Hayes, Wallace.—Song, "The Bear Hunt," Mr. H. Phillips, Phillips.—Air, "Search through the wide world," Miss Poole, Donizetti.—Serenade (full choir), "Bless'd be the home," Benedict.—Ballad, "Look forth my fairest," Signor Burdini, (Catherine Grey)

Balse.—Irish Melody, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss C. Hayes, Crauch.—First Finale from *Don Giovanni*, including the celebrated Trio of "The Maskers," "The Minuet," "The Chorus to Liberty," and "The Grand Finale."—Donna Anna, Miss C. Hayes; Donna Elvira, Miss Poole; Zerline, Miss Morris; Don Ottavio, Mr. Benson; Don Giovanni, Signor Burdini; Leporello, Mr. H. Phillips; Masetto, Mr. Brooke; and Chorus.

On the morning of the concert the walls were freely placarded, announcing that in addition to the 5s. dress (reserved) seats, and 2s. 6d. undress (not reserved), there would be issued promenade tickets at 1s. each!—not bad policy, after the experience of Tuesday evening; better to have the blank space occupied at any price than totally vacant. The result was, as might be expected, a much better filled hall, and the concert went off marvellously well. Romberg's Cantata is not generally well known, and to a mixed audience will appear of a pleasing more than a striking character; it was listened to with marked attention, and many of the more melodious or popular pieces were loudly applauded. Mr. Phillips delivered the solos given to the master with his usual dramatic effect, and the chorus were well rehearsed and steady throughout. The soprano solo, "Oh! then with pealing sounds of joy," is a gracefully-flowing melody, (well sung by Miss Poole). The duet, "Oh! blissful feeling," is very beautiful, and was done justice to by Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Benson. The latter also acquitted himself satisfactorily in the tenor song, "Love's day dream is o'er," which is highly spirited and characteristic. The grand chorus, "Most useful is the might of fire!" was very fine and admirably given, although by no means easy to sing. Miss Hayes achieved her first marked success this evening in the elegant mournful strain, "Ah! it is the wife beloved," which was rapturously applauded. Miss Poole was very happy too in the descriptive solo, "Now his daily labour's done." The recitatives of the master have a sameness about them that to us was a little wearying, else the general impression made upon us by Romberg's *Song of the Bell* is, that it is the work of a musician; the instrumentation is very spirited and clever: some of the vocal pieces contain much graceful melody, and the choral episode on the awful power of fire is of the highest order of composition.* Mr. Conran led, in place of Mr. Seymour, very efficiently; still in some of the accompaniments, where brilliancy was required, we missed Mr. Seymour's violin; he (Mr. Seymour) was unavoidably absent at Mr. Charles Hallé's second classical chamber concert, which most unluckily was fixed for the same evening.

The second part commenced with a selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the "Notturmo" was well played; the soli and chorus, "Ye spotted snakes," were beautifully sung; and how delightfully in character are Mendelssohn's accompaniments! "The Wedding March," of course all could appreciate. We must do the band the justice to say, too, that they fully deserved the rapturous encore it obtained. The selection from *Athalie* was listened to with considerable interest; the "War March of the Priests," without being so strikingly grand as the "Wedding March,"† and even when not played so immediately in succession, would inevitably strike any musical ear as being the work of the same hand. The trio and chorus, "Promised joys," "Hearts feel that love thee," are in Mendelssohn's best manner; the trio reminds one, although different and quite original, of the unaccompanied bit from *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes;" it was so

* We are compelled to state that we differ from our correspondent in his high estimate of this composition.—ED. "M. W."

† Our correspondent must excuse us; it is far grander, though not so brilliant. Both marches are admirably in character.—ED.

well sung, by Miss C Hayes, Miss Poole, and Mr. Benson, as to be loudly redemanded.

The third part introduced Herr Damecke to a Manchester audience, in the well-known tenor scene from *Der Freischütz*, "Oh, I can bear my fate no longer," which he gave in the original German. He has a rough, energetic style, and a powerful more than sweet or melodious tenor voice—(we long in vain to hear a German tenor with the sweetness of Tichatschek!)—we should have been better pleased with Herr Damecke if he had left the *tempo* and the controul of the orchestra in the very able hands of Benedict, and not have exhibited his impatience at the supposed incompetence of a Manchester orchestra, by half turning round to them continually, and looking most unutterable things!† Miss Hayes next appeared in Wallace's ballad, which she gave with all the pathos and force of which words and music are capable; a most enthusiastic encore was the consequence. Next came Henry Phillips, with his own Transatlantic inspiration, "The Bear Hunt;" although in the author's hand it is a very dramatic, and telling affair, it is rather too much in the Russell school for our taste—*mais, vous avez raison*, Mr. H. Phillips, for your "Bear Hunt" got encored. But, oh, Miss Poole! you were set down for the English version of the "Ciascun lo dice," from *La Figlia*. Why, then, would you, or did you, give instead such a trashy affair as "The Cavalier"? containing such a couplet (heaven save the mark!) as—

"But this gay Cavalier.
He quite scorned the idea" (r)!!

However, Miss Poole—*vous avez raison*, too, for you were encored; mind, it is the song, not Miss Poole's singing we take exception to—her archness and humour it was that brought the encore. Benedict had next the satisfaction of hearing his serenade, from the *Gipsy's Warning*, admirably sung in chorus by the full choir; after which he came forward to announce to the audience, that in consequence of Signor Burdini being too unwell to sing his song, Miss Hayes had volunteered to sing instead the "Ah non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*; the announcement was loudly cheered. Miss Hayes, amidst the most hearty plaudits, made her appearance, and gave the well-known *rondo finale* in such a style, that the audience went wild, and, forgetting that it was a volunteered song, would have it again, and again she went through all the elaborate runs and cadences she introduced, with many a grace here and there added; with but a few minutes pause, she again came forward to give the song set down for her, "Kathleen Mavourneen," at which some of the good folks in the Hall went quite beside themselves, waving their hats and hurrahing most vehemently! Jenny Lind herself scarce ever created more enthusiasm in the same place.

The *finale*, from *Don Giovanni*, was "caviare to the general;" besides, it is really a pity to give it, however carefully, apart from the opera. Mr. H. Phillips, Signors Burdini, Herr Damecke, and Misses Poole, Morris, and C. Hayes, were heard in it to good effect. Miss Morris was perhaps too timid at appearing in such company as Zerlina, for although tolerably near, we never heard her voice. The encore had the effect of procrastinating the concert until nearly eleven o'clock! We can much sooner forgive the sin of excessive encore, than such a breach of decorum as was shown on Tuesday night during the performance of the *Messiah*, when a number of unmannerly churls sate through the performance (in the 2s. 6d. seats) with their hats on!

† The orchestra might have found occasion to return the compliment to Herr Damecke, if he be the same Herr Damecke of last season.—D. R.

But for the place and the occasion, they deserved *bonneting*, every one of them.

Monday, Dec. 10th, Madlle. Schloss, Madame Dulcken, and party, are announced for the Concert Hall here.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

IN my last notice to you of the goings-on here, in the way of amateur theatricals, the name of *Marston* was, by mistake, inserted instead of *Martin*, making the former play three parts; instead of which, it was the latter gentleman who made two insignificant characters so pre-eminently prominent. However, they are to play again, I believe; and I hope to be able to give you as favourable an account as I did last week.

The Distins gave a concert on Thursday and Friday. The house was fully attended. As regards the treasury, the result must have proved satisfactory, which is invariably the case when entertainments of this *calibre* are given at the theatre. It would be out of place to speak of the talent of these clever artists, who have so frequently met with your discriminating approbation; but, from not having heard them for some months, the peculiar charm of their performance was felt with redoubled pleasure. Miss O'Connor, who possesses a nice voice, gave unqualified satisfaction.

There was a rumour that Madame Dulcken was coming here; but as a third party instead of the principals applied for the theatre, the Plymouth public have lost the opportunity of hearing her. It appears that the lessee, Mr. Newcombe, to prevent the possibility of mistakes, which have so frequently occurred, is determined not to make arrangements through any agents. A spacious octagon saloon has been constructed, to cover the stage, orchestra, and pit, which converts the theatre into one of the handsomest and most commodious concert-rooms in the kingdom.

The theatre opens for dramatic representations on the 26th of December, with an unusually good company. A young lady named Cameron, of whom report speaks highly, is to lead the tragic business. T. E. B.

MUSIC.

BY C. R.

O'er the earth and through the sky,
Thought's own singing bird I fly—
Whispering love-songs to the trees—
Laughing with the wave and breeze.

Shaken from my quivering wing,
Laughter, joy, and smile I fling,
Bringing with my earthward flight
Dreams alone of love and light.

When the soul lies dark and cold,
Woe and tear my wings unfold,
Lifting on their heavenward plume,
Human faith from human doom.

Never Music's voice was heard—
Blending note or weaving word,
But it stooped in joy below
Or in hope arose from woe.

The above beautiful stanzas are taken from a *Literary and Musical Journal* published at New York. Our readers, without consideration of the initials, will easily recognise, in the rare combination of poetic feeling and finished expression, the hand of our old and valued contributor, Mr. Charles Rosenberg, author of *The Philosophy of Life*.—Ed. "M. W."

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.—*Julius Cæsar* is the play selected by Her Majesty for the opening night. Mr. Macready has consented to lend his assistance. We suppose he will play Brutus; Charles Kean is to play Marc Antony.

MISS CUSHMAN.

(From the New York Home Journal.)

WE have announced that this lady's welcome to the American boards was a warm one. The interest which she at first excited has been more than sustained, as nightly throngs can testify at each successive performance, and thus far each in its turn has well borne the ordeal of criticism and of public taste. Hers was a familiar face and form that had grown up amongst us, a spirit that had early shown the germ of real talent, which had been transplanted, to be fostered and matured in a foreign clime. Her latter years have been passed in close and earnest study; and a mind naturally possessed of good sense and a nice discrimination, has been richly stored with its fruits. She has been actuated by an ambition which soared at the highest fame in her profession, and she has attained it. Her training has been in the best of schools; hers have been the highest models of her art. She has played with Macready, and also alone and unaided, before the most intelligent and refined London audiences, and been for years subjected to a high standard of literary judgment. The literati and the press of England have been lavish in their praise. She returns heralded by a voice from the same boards which sounded with the fame of a Siddons and O'Neil. But although we owe most of our histrionic talent to this foreign source, and are in the habit greatly of bowing to its dictation, yet as this lady is in a national point of view our own property, we shall act a little independently, and exercise our own judgment respecting her. And first, as to the great physical powers which we had been led to anticipate in Miss Cushman's acting, we were somewhat disappointed. The tones of her voice, for instance, are not so powerful nor so reaching as we had been led to suppose. Nor is her acting marked by those points which burst upon and electrify an audience; nor is there anything like the studied and vehement declamation of the schools, too often presented on the stage. But her voice is peculiarly distinct, even in the vehemence of passion, a rare quality, and its tones are full, deep, and expressive.

Her reading is almost faultless; we have scarcely ever heard one who pleased us more; it was throughout most natural and impressive. Perhaps an emphasis might have been laid more strongly on a word or phrase that had a deep significance; but our ear may be too nice, our judgment too critical. Her style is always chaste and true to nature. There is nothing artificial, no exaggeration, no rant, no straining after effect. She becomes identified with the character, throws herself into it, her soul and body seem absorbed in it. She is the living, breathing, animated creation, not of poetry, but of every-day life, placed in scenes of sorrow and of joy, and where the struggles of the heart and the deep, wild and stormy passions of woman's nature are called forth. This identity is never lost sight of. This is striking in her gradual development of the characters she portrays; and this is the secret of her power in chaining the interest of the audience, which invariably rises with each succeeding scene. Nothing reaches the springs of the heart like the true touches of nature, and hers is a master-spirit to evoke them.

We have dwelt on these points because we conceive them to be very rare, and difficult of attainment; because they are evidences of severe study, and of decided genius; because they give to the stage its highest interest, its greatest charm. There is also a great deal of variety in Miss Cushman's style, and she has the most happy contrasts in the grave and gay; you see no failure in her aims, no misconceptions of character. In the one case she has measured and knows her strength, and

in the other nature has been her study and her guide. Her Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*, awakened the deepest sympathy, as in those thrilling scenes heart spoke to heart; and when that sympathy was once aroused, not a sob was uttered, not a tear was shed by her in vain; all told powerfully with the audience.

Her Rosalind was a beautiful impersonation of tenderness and playfulness of nature. There was an innate modesty, which threw its charm over the sallies of a wild and sportive spirit, and a piquancy and happy archness were given to her pointed humour and wit. Her scenes of alternate moods with Orlando and Celia, the effect she gave to the humorous description of a lover, and of love as a madness; and to that passage prefaced by "In all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause"—these were illustrations of her happy and pointed delineation of this charming character.

In Julia, in the *Hunchback*, much has been sacrificed to stage effect, and the plot of the play in its construction is somewhat artificial and strained. Yet no where in the whole range of the modern drama are the intricate workings of a woman's soul so naturally, so powerfully portrayed; nor the interest of the scenes so wrought up and sustained to the close. From these two causes, the one growing out of the other, has sprung its wide popularity and success. The struggles between her pride, her resentment, and her love, were most touchingly delineated by Miss Cushman; and in her great scene with Clifford, and the closing one of the play, there was a moral grandeur in her acting, which was felt by all, and is rarely equalled on the stage.

Her Lady Macbeth was one of her happiest conceptions—and this we design to notice more in detail hereafter. We are precluded from doing so by the length to which this article has already extended.

There was in this character an exhibition of that mental power, those iron nerves, that daring purpose, and that firm resolve, of that spirit which rose superior to the appalling sight of the murdered in their blood, and to superstitious awe. And these were portrayed by Miss Cushman with great energy and power. In the transition from the murderous resolve to that touch of nature, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it," she was truly effective. In the banquet scene, her impatience, her anxiety and agitation, her assumed gaiety and self-command, her active energy at the close, all were forcibly represented. We left the house deeply impressed with the last scene. It produced a thrilling effect upon the audience. As a whole, it has been her best and highest effort.

To sum up our views of Miss Cushman's acting, we think it chaste, natural, and effective, evincing close study, formed on the best models, and exhibiting mind, feeling, and good taste throughout, and occasionally displaying great power. She has fewer faults than it has fallen to our lot to witness on our stage for many years. And if the effects she produces are less brilliant and startling than those we have beheld, she will, on the whole, bear a favourable comparison with the highest names which have graced our dramatic annals.

M. JACQUES HERZ.—This excellent professor has announced a course of instructions on the piano for the winter months. M. Herz has had extensive teaching in Paris, and has founded his system on the principle of class instruction. To this system he has devoted himself with much earnestness. The fact that he taught the celebrated Madame Pleyel the rudiments of the piano speaks loudly in favour of M. Jacques Herz' system of pianoforte teaching.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BEDD GELERT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"The spot shall bear
The name of Gelert's grave."—The Hon. W. R. Spencer.

SIR,—In the catalogue of the Royal Academy, for this year, I notice (No. 527), the "Death of Gelert, by R. Ansdell." Jerrold, on the 19th of May, in alluding to this painting, speaks of it in an interesting manner:—"The passionate story, and the high expression of the dog, rather than in the delineation of his hair or his skin, and the whole treatment of the subject, takes it into the historical class. It certainly has great merit in this respect, and, altogether, is a pleasing and artistic production, if it be not truly historic."

Not so the *Illustrated*:—"This is less like Edwin Landseer than is common with this clever artist, who has sufficient originality of his own to render it unnecessary for him to traffic with other people's ideas."—Let the sequel speak for itself.

More than eleven years ago, I was anxious to see a very interesting Welch Legend taken up by some talented painter, and full scope given to the powers of his imagination; and those who are attached to the Fine Arts—more especially natives of the Principality, or have been brought up in the vicinity of Snowdon, the scene of action—I am sure could not but contemplate a painting of this nature, without emotions of great delight and satisfaction. Impressed with ideas like these, I wrote an article on the subject, which John Hunt, in his kind and truly liberal spirit, responded to, by inserting it in the *Examiner*. I then forwarded a copy of that journal to the late unfortunate and talented Haydon, soliciting his attention to the object I had in view, but he returned me no answer of any kind, although he was fond of writing. I had given him more particulars than those which had appeared in the *Examiner*:—a short history of the secluded, but romantic village, the ancient hall, the residence of the prince, the circumstances which led to the sanguinary conflict between the wolf and the hound, the miraculous preservation of the infant, and the unfortunate end of Gelert, by his hasty and cruel master. But as Haydon's forte was more on grand historical subjects, portraits, &c., and not noted as an animal painter, perhaps, was the reason he declined to accede to my wishes. But be that as it may, I was determined to have this painting out, and in order not to be deficient in points of interest to the next artist I might apply to, I went to the library of the British Museum, and extracted, from a celebrated work there, the whole of the beautiful poem of "Bedd-Gelert," twenty-four verses, with the little episode attached to the legend, or, I should say, historical fact, and forwarded the same, with a note, to Edwin Landseer. I flattered myself justice would now be done to the wolf and dog; but I am very sorry to record, for the second time, no notice was taken of the poem or letters; rather a want of courtesy, and disheartening, I think you will coincide with me; but under all circumstances, from the peculiar and interesting nature of the poem, I flattered myself, perhaps, at some future day, when higher considerations had been accomplished, that talented artist would not disdain to notice my ideas and wishes. Years rolled on; I had nearly forgotten poor Gelert, when, to my great surprise and delight, a few days ago, the catalogue of the Royal Academy, for this year, by mere chance, fell into my hands; the first thing which met my eyes, was 527, the "Death of Gelert." I wished very much I had seen the painting.

In conclusion, I have to observe, that the incident upon which the painting is taken from, occurred during the early part of the twelfth century, and there is no record of it in any other work than the one I selected it from, which was published fifty years ago. It recalls forcibly to my mind the days of my youth. I knew well the Reverend author; at his particular desire, I learnt by heart the poem, and for the amusement of himself and friends, I used, occasionally, to recite the same before them—at that time, in my tenth year. It now remains to be shown under what circumstances are the public indebted for that work of art, the "Death of Gelert,"

or why it should have been thought necessary, in noticing the painting in the *Illustrated*, to have introduced that invidious remark. Nelson's motto terminates my letter.—I have the honor to be, sir, your obliged and obedient servant,
CIVIS.

SOMETHING TO SUIT TEUTONIUS AND YOUR MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Herewith you will find a couple of musical rebis, to vary the contents of your excellent journal. I hope they may be acceptable for that purpose. Yours respectfully,
E. J. F.

MUSICAL REBUS.

The sceptre of a musical conductor, as well as his magic wand;
A vocalist wonder, and perfection of prima donnas;
An Italian basso, of good quality as well as quantity;
One of the best of German operas; and
One of the feeblest of Italian operas.

The initials of the foregoing will name a British composer of great merit.

MUSICAL REBUS.

A theatre in Westminster;
One of Rossini's opera seria;
A talented female concert vocalist;
A superb musical structure, the grand attraction of musical festivals, an oratorio;
A renowned Italian baritone.
The initials of the above will also name a British composer of great excellence.

SHELLEY, HUNT, AND KEATS.

From the Boston Museum.

In 1818, these three distinguished men once spent a very pleasant, poetical evening together, at Hunt's house. A rare and a genial symposium it must have been—full of the felicities and fine thoughts of genius, no doubt. The general conversation has not been recorded, and we only have the results of what must have been one subject of it. The poets were, of course, talking of the river Nile; for they agreed that each should write a sonnet on that theme; and this was done. Our readers who have, doubtless, already formed their opinions of these three remarkable bards, will, perhaps, be curious to see these sonnets in their original juxtaposition: Shelley was a poet of high—of the highest psychological order. He was a man of most affectionate, but vehement feelings. His "bard-like spirit" was always accustomed to bound away into the generalities of existence, where the eyes and sympathies of the many were not able to distinguish him. His imaginations were very strong and ungovernable; but it is remarkable to see how his fine, fluent, nervous English is always able to keep pace with them.

Keats was a sensuous poet, a poet of beautiful forms. He loved to embroider his fancies, as it were, with the quaintest and freshest phraseology of the language. He wrote less from the feelings of his heart, than the dreams of his head. Hunt, with less power and brilliancy of imagination, had a more feeling experience of life and the affections than the others; he had more of the ichor of humanity, more of the common red blood running through his poetic vein—more general sympathy with the world and its ways. But he had a rare and general love of all old English excellencies—and had formed his tastes on the quaint freshness of our original literature.

But let us have the sonnets. The following is that of Keats—the youngest of the trio, and then only twenty-three:—

TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African,
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile ;
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span :
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful ? or dost thou beguile
Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space twixt Cairo and Deccan ?
O, my dark fancies err ! They surely do :
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sunrise. Green isles thou hast, too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

The next is Hunt's :

THE NILE.

It flows thro' old hushed Egypt and its sands
Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream ;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed thro' the young earth, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostrius and that Southern beam,
The laughing Queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong
As of a world left empty of its throng.
And the void weighs on us ; and then we wake
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on, for human sake.

Here is Shelley's sonnet. He has diverged somewhat from the Nile—to some emphatic spot of wilderness on its banks, apparently ; but his idea is cognate with the others :—

OZYMANDIAS.

I saw a traveller from an antique land,
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive (stamped on those lifeless things)
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear :—
" My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings—
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

It is interesting to compare the poets—even in this small matter of sonnets. Keat's is certainly the feeblest—both in idea and execution. It seems to prove that it was written by the youngest. But Shelley was only two years older than Keats. Shelley's idea of making the desert place tell the transitory tale of human grandeur is very fine—he adopts, as it were "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The image and the moral are both well and effectively defined, and the rhythm is nervous and stately. And yet, we are impatient enough to think he might have done better by coming closer to his Nile, as he strictly ought to do, and emphasizing the moral, by the freshness of its rolling waters ; the same to-day as when the unshattered Ozymandias washed his hands in them or floated his galley over them. But we shudder, lest somebody should call us Aristarchus.

The two first lines of Hunt's sonnet arrest us at once with a sense of very great pleasure. They are wonderfully picturesque and fine. Since the hour we first read them, they have stuck to our memory—refusing to be displaced by any other couplet in the language—and we think they are in the right. The power of this sonnet is exhausted, as it were, in the first eight lines ; the rest is an easy flowing in, and coming

round, after the first powerful stress. These lines make a great visionary scene, in which the old historic magnificence of Egypt moves full of shadowy objects before your eyes. The exquisite freshness and modulation of the verse give effect to the whole. In the choice of words, the veteran taste of Hunt is beyond the eager and delicate rhetoric of Keats. Shelley never seems to wait for his words, or look back for them. He takes his cotemporaneous vernacular, and when it has been fashioned to the shape of his ideas, you find it impossible to change or excel it. There is an unlaboured manliness in Shelley's harmony of numbers—which seeks nothing from the cunning order of words.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

PLAGIARISM is a righte pleasurable and profitable arte. It exalteth the lowly, it enricheth those who are of poor estate ; it purchaseth respect and reverence from the ignorant, and oftentimes winneth the applauses of the learned :—it procureth for a man well skilled and knowing in its use, fame in this present valley of mourning, and the reputation of wit and genius when he hath descended in sheet and shroud to that gloomy bourne from which no gentleman, since the days of Ulysses, Menippus, Don Giovanni, and one or two other rakes and rogues of luck, hath returned to reanimate this mortal body of flesh wherein we are enveloped. To thee, O Divine Sovereign and Omnipotent PLAGIARISM, who, like Midas, canst transmute all thou touchest into pure gold, or at least an admirable semblance of the same ;—to thee who art able to convert the musty labours of forgotten minstrels into gladness—bringing guineas, and exhilarating bank notes—to thee, O wonder-working goddess, doth that excellent and subtle clerke, Virgilius, the knavish plunderer of Homer, Hesiod, and ten thousand other long-bearded Greeks and Latins, owe much of his present estimation in the schools ;—thine aid did the enfranchised African, Terentius, invoke, when entering like a thief in the night the unfenced property of the elegant Menander ; before thine altar bowed the rare Ben Jonson, the still more rare and erudite John Milton, the paper-sparing Pope, the Coffee-room-loving Joe Addison, the dandy Mr. Gray, the duncie Mr. Mason, and the gay Harlequin genius of our revered and reverend countryman Laurence Sterne, parson, fiddler, and buffoon ! Thou hast been the resource, likewise, of all the poor in spirit, the mean in capacity, the pigny in intellect, the deficient in ability, and the weak in imagination ! Thou canst lend the bright sunbeam fancy to the darkest souls, and the gem Learning to the duskiest understandings ! Thou has not at any period, or under any pretext, neglected the supplications of the most humble, nor hast thou been puffed up with vanity, because the proudest spirits have worshipped at thy temple ! Thou art equally the goddess of the rich and the poor, of Parnassus and of Grub Street, of crystal Helicon and its antipodes, the muddy Row ; and whether invoked upon the sunny lawns of Persia, by bards nestling like nightingales among the roses, and drawing inspirations from those fountains of fancy, the dark and soul-bright Oriental eyes ; or amid the desolate hills of cold Caledonia, by minstrels who know of breeches but the name, and whose Hippocrene is toddy ; in the golden East, in the bleak North, under warm Western skies, or in fair Southern gardens—in each and all thou art equally propitious, courteous, and benign ! With solemn awe we contemplate so potent a divinity ; with pleasure we prepare to celebrate thy dear devoted child, the Bard of Sloperton—the white-headed favourite of thy choice. And worthy, in sooth, is he of thy selection ; for none of modern days hath so unsparingly worshipped thee—called thee to his aid, and made thee his constant handmaid in affliction. Thou hast raised him from the homely courts and alleys of Aungier Street, Dublin, to the graceful and romantic retirement of Devizes, in Wiltshire ; thou hast introduced him into the patronage of Lansdowne, the feasts of Holland, and the friendship of Sam Rogers ; thou hast bestowed upon him a pretty wife, a snug annuity, and a modicum of fame ; and he has repaid thee by indefatigable devotion and faithful love. In fine, it is in thee, O Plagiarism, he lives, and moves, and breathes, and hath his being ; and of a verity into such trifles doth he carry the principle of imitation, and his devotion unto thee, that his dearest

friends do solemnly declare his very walk is plagiarised from the waddle of a goose.

I am about to enter on an examination of the most remarkable literary impostors that has cheated this unsuspecting world, since the days of Lauder, Ireland, and Macpherson—need I say the writer of *Lalla Rookh*? His works are absolutely curiosities of literature—things of shreds and patches, like a beggar's coat, to which half the cast-off rags of a parish have contributed their quota—or his meat wallet, to the stuffing of which every table in the town has yielded the broken remnants of the well-picked joint. With equal justice may one call the compiler of the English dictionary, the author of the English language, as the compiler of *Lalla Rookh* the author of that swindling production. In the whole of this *Oriental Romance* scarcely a single idea is original. It is a heap of other men's thoughts, images, metaphors, tropes, figures apostrophes, scenes, characters, situations, plots, arguments, descriptions, expressions, aphorisms, and similes, for which all sorts and sizes of volumes, from the Falstaff-looking folio, to the Tom-Moore-looking 64mo. have been unsparingly and feloniously ransacked; and which are here plastered up together by this mason of the Muses in a way that reflects a great deal of credit on his ingenuity and handiwork, and fulfils, to the strictest letter of the law, the poetaster Lloyd's receipt to make a modern fine epic, or at least such an epic as *Lalla Rookh* :—

A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words—a bare collection
Of phrases, where the labour'd canto
Presents you with a dull memento,
How Horace, Virgil, Ovid join
And club together half a line.

Once that the extracts from the various authors whom he has pillaged were gathered together, the merest dabbler in letters, the veriest booby that ever wrote a page of pot-hooks, the most wretched pauper scribbler that ever possessed the freehold of half a rood on Parnassus, might with the help of that refuge of dunces and sinners, Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, and the knack of counting one, two, three, on his fingers or toes, have easily patched up a tinkling thing like *Lalla Rookh*, and five hundred tinkling things of sound and senselessness like the melodies; and might for a time dupe the world as successfully as the Poet-tinker of the same. Such is my broad proposition. Such do I assert the artful dodger of this minnikin of a mannikin to be; and I will demonstrate the fact so completely to even the meanest mind, that Moore himself will be the first to own his guilt, and beg pardon on his knees for having so long and so outrageously deceived the world.

To begin with so confident an assertion, will to many goodly-minded people seem at the least extremely hazardous—to prove it, difficult, if not utterly impossible; and the abettors of Tom Moore will start up from many a garret and undercellar in arms to defend the catiff, and to demolish my poor self with a ruthlessness peculiar to the literary character only.

No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

The pot-valiant Jeffrey, aroused for a moment from his anile dotage, will puff himself up like the silly frog in the fable, and croak loudly and nastily according to his wont. Mr. Albany Fonblanque, or whoever he be that does the jokes and jests of the infidel *Examiner*, will probably relate an apposite story somewhat in manner following, "In a certain splendid and learned disquisition on Moore which we have recently seen, a startling proposition is laid down, which reminds us much of a retort given by that witty profligate, Charles II., to some carpers who assured him that Dryden's play of the "Spanish Friar" was stolen from the French, and therefore rebuked him for the praises which he had bestowed upon it. 'Odds fish,' quoth the king, 'steal me such another play, any of you, and he shall have no reason to complain.' So we say, continues fool Fonblanque to the critic on Moore, 'Compose us such another poem as *Lalla Rookh*, and then we shall believe that any dunce may do it—but not till then.' To which the said critic maketh answer, and saith, 'Put into my fist the sum of 3000 guineas, as the silly Longmans very sillily did into the long paw of Tommy, and I shall then show you what I can do.' Jackass Jordan the bankrupt, will bray hugely from his *literary Gazette*, and will attempt to bamboozle the public and the 'Newspaper critics' by

some frothy fulsome compliments on the Slopertonian dwarf: while Barry Cornwall of Gray's Inn, will gently opine, as he sips his weak gin and water, that to be accused and convicted of plagiarism is a very considerable bore, and piously thank heaven, that he—dear sucking innocent!—has nothing to do with the vice, although his neighbours are accused of it.

"Then will he toss his heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay." *

Flummery Montgomery—the devil's poet-laureat—will threaten to bring Satan against me, if I even drop a hint about him and his pilferings from Hooker, Taylor, and Barrow; and the meek and godly Bernard Barton, while he swallows his twenty-seventh cup of bohea beneath the shadow of his beaver-hat, will quiver much in his hams, lest I may perchance whisper that even he, the sweet whiner of the conventicle, is not altogether immaculate, but has stolen a thing or two from Dr. Watts and Dr. Young. The rest of the witting tribe of poets and poetasters will, doubtless, open their jaws and grunt much, but I heed them not, for I am armed so strong in proofs of what I allege, and so well made up on all points, that I defy the world to come to any other conclusion than that which I shall present for their most sweet voices. What care I for aught that can be said? I am firmly determined, despite all opposition, to knock Moore and a dozen other literary impostors and schemers just as vile, down from their pedestals, or at least to give them one or two hearty shakes; and this I will do even if I had to encounter a legion of demons, or what is worse, an army of critics while making the attack. So here I begin.

F. MAHONY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

On the 29th of March the Olympic Theatre, which was erected by old Philip Astley, and which obtained some celebrity from the fact of George III. having contributed the principal portion of the timber used in the building, was entirely consumed by fire. A comparatively short period has elapsed since the work of re-erection commenced. Already the new theatre presents the appearance of being all but completed. The frontage of the house is plain and simple, the entrance to the pit and boxes being, as before, in Wych Street. The lumbering portico which formed part of the old theatre is not to be restored; but in lieu a light awning, carried sufficiently forward, is to be erected. The entrance to the gallery is to be from the passage fronting Newcastle-street, and a roomy and handsome stone staircase has been erected, insuring at the same time perfect safety and convenience. The entrance to the boxes is by a flight of steps of Portland stone, which leads to a small but neat saloon. On entering the theatre the beauty and proportions of the interior contrast strikingly with the plainness and simplicity of the exterior. The stage occupies about as much space as it did in the old house. The audience part of the theatre is of the horseshoe shape, decidedly the shape best of all adapted for the comfort and enjoyment of the audience. From every part of the boxes, pit, and gallery, a complete view of the stage will be obtained; and, so perfect is the arrangement, that from the extremest bench in the gallery the spectator's vision can take in the furthest end of the stage at the height of at least 10 or 12 feet. The boxes and gallery are supported by reeded columns of cast iron, of a light and airy appearance, and so constructed that they cannot in the least impede the view. The seats in the tier of boxes are to be supplied with arms and to be cushioned, and the seats in the range of stalls, in front of the pit, are to be similarly furnished. The private boxes are 12 in number, 6 upon each side of the house. The pit, it is calculated, will hold about 600 persons, and the gallery about 800. Escape passages have been provided in case of fire—the passage from the gallery leading into Wych street, and that from the pit leading to Newcastle-street. The decorations are to be in the arabesque style. A considerable portion is already completed—the proscenium, the pilasters on each side of the proscenium, and the ceiling. The latter is divided into four compartments, representing the seasons; and underneath is a sunk panel, having the signs corresponding with each season. On the proscenium is a representation of the Muses, painted in chiaroscuro, and on the pilasters

* Coleridge, Verses to a Young Ass.

on each side of the proscenium are exhibited the crests of the proprietor of the theatre and of the landed proprietor—Lord Craven. The front of the tier of boxes is also to be in the arabesque style, corresponding with the other decorations. It will be divided into pannels, on each of which is to be a cameo, and every pannel is to be of a varied character. It should be mentioned that the comforts of the performers have not been overlooked, in the providing of numerous dressing-rooms. The ventilation of the house has also been attended to. On Thursday the Government referees paid a visit to the theatre, and expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the work and the arrangements. The audience part of the house is to be lighted by means of an immense glass chandelier, weighing near three quarters of a ton. It is intended to open the house for performances on "Boxing Night." Mr. Watts is the lessee of the new house.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MENDELSSOHN.—So great was the success of M. Jullien's "Mendelssohn Night" that he has determined to give another next week.

RACHEL.—We are delighted to be able to state that the difference between this unrivalled actress and the *Theatre Francais* is amicably arranged. Rachel will return to her duties at her own theatre, and, which is of still more import to ourselves, will most probably give some representations during the following season at Mr. Mitchell's theatre in St. James's.

MR. HENRY TYRRELL gave the first of a series of lectures on the drama of our living dramatists at the National Hall, Holborn, on Thursday evening week. The lecture, which included an analysis of the works of Sheridan Knowles and John Westland Marston, appeared to be highly relished by the audience.

MR. HILL, the eminent tenor player, and Mr. E. Holmes, author of the *Life of Mozart*, have been elected Associates of the Philharmonic Society.

MR. G. V. BROOKE made his appearance at the Manchester Theatre on Saturday last, in the character of Othello.

JOHN PARRY has been giving his musical entertainment at Manchester, with his usual brilliant success.

THE DISTIN FAMILY return to town this day, after prosecuting a most successful tour in the provinces. They gave concerts lately at Teignmouth, Totnes, Plymouth, Torquay, Wells, Warminster, Salisbury, Winchester, &c.

SICCAMA'S DIATONIC FLUTE.—Many and various have been the contrivances to remedy the defects, and facilitate the fingering of certain notes in the execution of rapid passages: until at last the flute, in its primitive state, has lost its identity with the splendid instrument which now dazzles with its bright array of keys, cranks, and valves. Perhaps the most recent combination of theory with musico-mechanical ingenuity, to remedy the defects, is Siccama's patent diatonic flute, in which, "owing to the gradually diminishing distances between the holes, and their exact position according to acoustic principles, combined with the mathematical proportions observed in the bore," together with additions and modifications of keys, the inventor says he "has succeeded in producing a flute equal in correctness of tone to the violin." In a sort of theoretic exposition of the instrument, the inventor has entered into a series of mathematical demonstrations of intervals and chords, with numerous musical illustrations, and gives a table of the various fingerings of all the tones and semitones from C below the staff to C above the fifth ledger line. As an evidence of the minuteness of this table, we may state that many of the tones are fingered in from six to eleven different ways, and one (E sharp or F natural above the staff), in fourteen. We pass no judgment upon the theory, other than it appears a learned one; and none upon the flute, other than it is a splendid and ingeniously constructed instrument.

MISS NEWCOMER.—This talented young artiste has been playing before a large party of the *haut ton*, assembled at Saltram, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Morley. Her abilities as a pianiste, combined with her agreeable manners, have rendered her a most welcome addition to these aristocratic réunions.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first of three performances of the *Messiah* took place last night, under Mr. Costa's direction.

The chief singers were, Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Phillips, and Lawler. The performance was first-rate. "For unto us," was encored. The hall was crammed.

LOLA MONTES.—This notorious lady is the subject of many a paragraph in the Barcelona papers. She goes, it appears, to the pistol gallery every day, and astonishes the officers of the garrison with the precision of her fire.

LEICESTER MONTHLY CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The second of the above concerts was given on Tuesday evening week. The principal vocalists were Miss Eliza Nelson and Mr. Machin; the band was led by Mr. Gill, and Mr. Mavius presided at the piano. The first movement of a symphony of Mozart's and the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, were rendered with good effect by the orchestra. Miss Eliza Nelson acquitted herself in the vocal pieces assigned to her in a manner that challenged applause from the entire audience. She was encored in Mr. Nelson's pretty ballad, "Come to my fairy home," which she gave with much taste and expression. Mr. Machin was called on to repeat Loder's popular song, "Philip the Falconer." These concerts are well conducted, and are likely to be profitable, not only to the speculators, but to the musical taste of the town. The series has now been extended to five.

ITALIAN OPERA AT NEW YORK.—Max Maretzek, the new manager of the Italian Opera, commenced the season on Thursday evening last at the Astor Place Opera House, with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The house was fully and fashionably attended. The several artists performed their parts with credit and efficiency, and the night passed away in the most pleasant way imaginable. It was, however, more a display of fashionable dress, female beauty, gay cavaliers, and white-kid dandies, than anything in the musical line. The old artists of the *troupe*, male and female, were well received and kindly remembered. The new artists will require a little time and opportunity before the fashionable *dilettanti* can reach the highest state of rapture in regard to their merits. The Italian Opera has been again commenced as an experiment. Is there any chance of its success in this city? From all we can learn of the skill of the manager, of the character of his arrangements, of the taste of the public, and of the temper of the *dilettanti*, we are inclined to think that the present attempt, to establish the opera in New York, will be successful. We have seen many attempts to establish the Italian Opera here, all of which have been unsuccessful—the last attempt being the most melancholy and silly of the whole lot within our recollection, which goes back to the last thirty years in the theatrical annals of New York. The second representation will be given to-night, on which occasion a better judgment can be formed on the qualifications of the artists, and the prospects of the season.

FACILITY OF LEARNING THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the Welsh language is hard to be acquired—the very reverse of this is the fact; there is probably no spoken language of Europe, not derived from the Latin, which may be so soon or so agreeably acquired as the Welsh. A good knowledge of it, so as to enable the learner to read and write it currently, may be obtained certainly within a year by even a moderately diligent student; and the power of conversing in it with ease and fluency is to be gained within, perhaps, a couple of years. The language is daily studied more and more by persons not connected with the principality, and acquired by them; nay, what is a remarkable fact, next to the galaxy of the Williamses, the best Welsh scholar of the present day is Dr. Meyer, the learned German librarian at Buckingham Palace; while Dr. Thirlwall, the present Bishop of St. David's, has made himself, with only a few years' study, as good a Welsh scholar as he had long before been a German one. We believe that, if the present system of education be steadily carried out with its consequent developments in the principality, the two languages, English and Welsh, will become *equally* familiar to those who may be born in the second generation from the present day; and the inhabitants of Wales, becoming thoroughly *bilingual*—for we do not anticipate that they will abandon their ancient tongue—this apparent obstacle to a more complete amalgamation of interests between the two races will be entirely removed. One thing is certain, that the aptitude of Welsh children to learn English of the purest dialectic kind is very remarkable, and the desire to acquire English is prevalent among all the people.—*Blackwood*.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.—It must have been highly gratifying to the talented conductor of these classical *réunions*, that notwithstanding the unusual attraction in another quarter, such a numerous audience assembled at this the second concert of the season. The room on Thursday evening was almost filled with attentive and appreciating hearers, and the programme comprised selections from the very highest order of chamber music. Being obliged to leave at an early hour, we were only able to hear the first part, which consisted of a pianoforte trio by Beethoven, and a sonata for the pianoforte by the same composer. This part of the concert was a happy combination of good music and excellent performance. It is almost needless to say, that throughout this trio M. Halle's performance was of that rare character which a fine natural discriminativeness and a thorough study of his subject alone can give; and that the violin and violoncello of Messrs. Seymour and Thorley maintained a graceful subserviency to the leading instrument. The Sonata "*quasi Fantasia*" with which the first part of the programme concluded, opens with a beautiful *Adagio Cantabile*, contrasting widely with the finale, one of those wild conceptions for which Beethoven was so famous. To maintain the rhythm amidst the rapid and abrupt changes of form and tempo which characterise this movement, must tax the skill of the performer to a high degree. The versatility of M. Halle's hand triumphantly overcame this difficulty. The second part of the programme consisted of a quartett by Mendelssohn, and a selection from the works of Chopin, whose recent death, and the honours paid to him at his funeral in the French capital, attach a melancholy interest to any composition of his. We hope to be able to report as numerous an attendance at the next of these attractive soirées.—*Manchester Examiner*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIPPERNA.—We have frequently attended grand musical performances in the afternoon, in Germany, but we believe it is the general custom to give concerts in the evening. The musical season at Vienna, Leipzig, Berlin, and all the great German towns, is, we believe, like that of Paris, in the winter.

AN ADMIRER AND SUBSCRIBER.—Besides the overtures mentioned by our correspondent, Beethoven has written a grand concert-overture in C major, the overture to King Stephen, and another to Leonora. Altogether, there are four overtures to the opera of Leonora, generally known as *Fidelio*. The overture to the oratorio of the Mount of Olives may also be added to the list. About Miss Marian Marshall, we regret that we have no information to give. Most delighted should we be (like our correspondent) to welcome that talented singer and charming lady once more back to the concert-room, of which she was so great an ornament. We shall be obliged to any one who can satisfy, through the medium of our columns, the curiosity of our correspondent.

A CORRESPONDENT.—Hector Berlioz's treatise on instrumentation has, we believe, been translated into English. Inquire of Cramer, Beale, and Co.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF JETTY TREEZ.—Yes—at Vienna.

T. J.—We have heard M. Thalberg play the Tarantella on several occasions, never precisely in the same tempo, but always with the same effect. How, then, is it possible to answer the question of our correspondent, who demands M. Thalberg's time by Maelzel's metronome, an instrument of which no real musician ever makes use?

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